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The House Beautiful

A Play in One Act

By
TACIE MAY HANNA



SAMUEL FRENCH

Founded 1845 . Incorporated 1898

THOS. R. EDWARDS, *Managing Director*

25 WEST 45TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

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LOS ANGELES

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THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



CHARACTERS

ROBERT DEAN, *a young lawyer in his early thirties; an amiable, thoroughly masculine, rather easy-going type, inclined to be quite careless about the details of his personal appearance. While attractive in his big, masculine way, he is far from being a handsome man.*

MARIE DEAN, *his wife. She is a very pretty young woman a few years his junior. She wears an inexpensive, but very attractive gown suitable for an afternoon and evening at home. Her personal appearance bespeaks scrupulous care of every detail.*

ED. NUGGETT, *a breezy young man.*



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It is early evening in a rather small, attractive living-room in a modern bungalow. There is a door at the back with a window and window-seat at the right. Two doors are at the right: the farther one opening into a closet and the nearer one down stage opening, presumably, into the dining-room. At the left is a fireplace. The woodwork of the room is in ivory, the walls are in gray, the color-scheme of the room is old-rose and blue. There is a blue rug on the floor, a few old-rose upholstered pieces. A divan is between the doors on the right extending toward the center of the room. A mahogany table is in the center on which is a tapestry runner in the prevailing shades, two books between brass bookends, and a small brass vase containing one rose. A small mahogany chair is at the right of the table. Near the fireplace is a chair in old-rose, also a mahogany rocker. Near the chair is a floor lamp in rose and blue. Carefully arranged on the divan and window-seat are blue silk pillows. There are two or three attractive sketches on the wall. The room is in good taste in every detail and in perfect order.

MARIE is seated in the mahogany chair near the floor lamp, crocheting. She gets up, goes to the window, raises the shade and peers into the early darkness. Turning, she notices that one petal has dropped from the pink rose in the vase. She picks it up and throws it in the fireplace. She goes to the

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divan, readjusts a pillow, smooths out the plush on the back, glances about the room, takes a small broom from the closet, brushes the rug in one place, surveys the room with satisfaction and returns to her work. Suddenly she hears footsteps and jumps up to admit BOB. He wears an overcoat and carries a bundle of papers.

MARIE. [Greeting him with a kiss] Home at last. I've been watching for you, dear.

BOB. I was beastly sorry to have to stay in town for dinner with old Spragins but it was my only chance to see him. [MARIE takes his hat and hangs it in the closet as he takes off his overcoat and lays it over the back of the rose divan and lays his papers and gloves on the table, talking the while.] You know how it is, business is business—no end of details to see to, but success is my word; can't have any loose ends.

MARIE. I understand, dear. [He hands her a box of chocolates he has taken out of his overcoat pocket.] Why, Bob, what a lovely surprise! How in the world did you ever happen to do it?

BOB. Well, it was queer how I got the idea. One of the fellows and I happened to be at the corner of Sixteenth Street waiting for the interurban car. He went in to get a box of chocolates for his wife and somehow that gave me the idea—mighty glad it happened to occur to me.

MARIE. I'm mighty glad, too. [She kisses him again, then, suddenly.] Why, Bob, has your tie been crooked all day? [She straightens it.] A tie

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that isn't straight affects me like a picture on the wall that tilts. I think I'll never be able to go in Mrs. Perkins house again until I know she straightened that "Joan of Are" in her hall. [Giving the tie a jerk—she pulls it back—then she sees the overcoat and rushes to it.] Robert Dean! How many times have I asked you not to lay your heavy, dirty overcoat on that divan!

BOB. [Taking it from her] Yes, yes, I'm sorry. [He hangs it in the closet as she discovers the papers and gloves and goes to the table.]

MARIE. [Holding them out to him] On the table as usual!

BOB. Yes, yes. [He puts the gloves in his overcoat pocket and lays the paper over on the chair as she smooths out the divan.] Any mail?

MARIE. Yes, a couple of letters and your home paper.

BOB. [Looking about] Where are they? I don't see them:

MARIE. [With obvious patience] Where we always keep them, dear.

BOB. [Looking about] Where's that? [Following her glance.] Oh, yes. [He opens the drawer of the table and takes them out.]

MARIE. [Taking the paper off the chair where he has laid it] Dear, are you through reading this paper?

BOB. No, I haven't had a minute all day.

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MARIE. I do wish you wouldn't leave it lying around—they always get sprawled out or crumpled—they are such a great big awkward shape.

BOB. [Taking the paper] Well, what do you want me to do with it? I can't hold it until I get ready to read it.

MARIE. They belong in the window-seat.

BOB. Yes, yes, but —— [Making a movement toward the seat, then stopping.] Here, you hold it until I go through my mail. [He hands her the paper which she takes. He seats himself in plush chair, left of table, and commences to open a letter.] From the lodge! Wonder what they want!

[The end of the envelope falls unnoticed to the floor.]

MARIE. [Still striving to be patient] Bob! Let me interrupt you a moment before you get settled. It can't be that you have forgotten our agreement about this plush furniture and yet every evening you plant yourself in that chair.

BOB. [Not so patiently] Well, after all, it's made to sit in. I can't see that I hurt it any.

MARIE. Don't be foolish. You know we talked that all over and you agreed that this other chair was just as comfortable for every-day use. [He gets up impatiently.] I wouldn't ask you to change if I didn't know you'd be just as happy in the other chair. [She pulls out the mahogany chair for him and as he seats himself she pats his head.] To keep our home beautiful is just as much your interest as it is mine.

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BOB. Yes, yes. [He takes a case out of his pocket, and removing the glasses, puts the case on the table. He starts to read his letter.]

MARIE. [Picking up the case from the table.] Bob! [She holds it out to him.]

BOB. Sh! [Seeing the case he takes it, puts it in his pocket and starts to read again.]

MARIE. [Spying the piece of envelope on the floor] I don't like to interrupt you, but [pointing to the piece of paper] I could pick that up for you, and I'd do it willingly, but you may not always have me around to remind you —

BOB. [Rather too happily] That's so. [He picks up the piece of envelope and throws it into the fireplace.]

[MARIE slips the paper she has been holding into his lap—opens the box of chocolates, putting the wrapper into the fireplace. Then she seats herself right of the table.]

MARIE. [Offering him a chocolate] Such a lovely surprise, dear. [He refuses. She keeps the box on her lap.] It's the little things that count in keeping up a home, Bob. All I ever ask you is that you try as hard to do your part as I do to do mine. It takes me nearly all day to get the home work done and everything dusted and washed so that I can enjoy my home in the evening—so that it will be sweet and cheerful for you, dear. The best thing I got from those lectures on "The House Beautiful" last spring was that really touching appeal to the women to keep the homes attractive for their husbands. She said, "They may not say anything, but they

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will appreciate it!" Then she pictured the poor, tired business man coming home to a slovenly wife and a disorderly home. That's what drives them to all the clubs, she said—that's what drives them to all sorts of places. I was so glad that I didn't need the warning, for in the two years that we've been married, you've never come home to find anything out of place, have you, dear? [She gets no answer. BOB is busy with his letter.] Have you, dear?

BOB. [Looking up from his letter as he realizes some response is expected from him] Yes, yes.

MARIE. [Reproachfully] Why, Bob!

BOB. [Quickly] No, no, I wasn't thinking.

MARIE. I thought it was so touching where she pictured the husband in the stuffy office or dirty factory slaving for money to furnish a pretty home and then the wife making no effort to take care of what he provided. I thought of our old-rose plush pieces and how they are as good as new after over a year. [She sighs.] But it all takes work! I think you can't realize how many little things there are to attend to, though I tell you over and over. Now, I've been rushing this whole day, and this day is no exception. First it was the washing that I had to get ready for Mrs. Simmons, and then your collars and shirts for the laundry — [During this speech BOB finishes reading his letter, opens another, lets the envelope drop to the floor, picks it up and throws it into the fireplace. Then he opens the paper, crumples the wrapper and throws it toward the fireplace. It lands just outside but he does not notice this. He remains absorbed in his paper as

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she talks on.] And then the dishes. And then I started the regular dusting, first this room, then the dining-room, then both bedrooms—I can't bear to feel that the spare room is dusty—and I had my usual round inside the house and out, picking up the things you left where they don't belong. Won't you try to do better, dear? Won't you?

BOB. [Realizing that something is expected] Yes, yes. [This seems to be what was expected, and he, relieved, reads on.]

MARIE. [Growing more and more animated] Then I decided to take down those dark blue drapes in the breakfast room and give them a good cleaning. It stands to reason that they must be dusty even if they don't show it. So, I got the ladder and just got one down when the 'phone rang. Your sister wanted to bring the children over for the day. Well, I wasn't equal to it with those drapes on my hands, and besides, you know I adore those babies, but it's just agony to have them turned loose in here. After little Billy's last visit, I had to go over every door in the house, outside and in. You simply have to choose between ivory woodwork and children. Well, anyway, I told her I was house-cleaning and suggested that we go to the park for a picnic some afternoon next week. You know, Bob, I believe that's the real reason why they have parks scattered about the residential parts of the city. Well, that made it all right, don't you think so? Don't you think so?

BOB. [Suddenly coming to] Yes, yes.

MARIE. Well, I went back to the drapes. Just as

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I got up the ladder, the dry-cleaner came with my suit, so it was down again and to the door. Then back to the drapes and down the ladder to warn those Smith boys to keep off the lawn—and so it went, up and down and back and forth—then planning something for dinner—and this is only an average day, mind you. And then Mrs. White 'phoned that it was my day for the vacuum sweeper if I wanted it. Well, I never heard of a carpet that didn't need it, so I went over the rugs and as usual I had to take the broom to smooth out this rug. I wish we'd never got one with such long nap. It's pretty, but—well, it's a sight right now where you've been twisting your chair. Well, one thing and another kept me going so that I didn't sit down to crochet until after four o'clock. But I'll tell you it's a satisfaction to keep everything right. [She pauses to look approvingly about the room. BOB startled by the break in her monologue, looks up from his paper and says, "Yes, yes." Then, as the silence continues, he feels that something else evidently is expected of him. He puts his paper down and speaks, very genially.]

BOB. Well, dear, what kind of day have you had? [MARIE gives him one look of utter amazement, then, deeply offended, she returns to her crocheting. He, unconscious that he has made a break, puts the paper down beside his chair with the comment—"Too many strangers in the old town these days!" He then unrolls the paper in his lap. As he looks at the first page.] Well, the supreme court has handed down a decision at last on that Almire case! [Enthusiastically.] Say, that will mean a whole lot to us. Listen to this — [He starts to read.]

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MARIE. [Interrupting, her tone quite icy] I suppose you are going to read all evening.

BOB. I just want to glance through the paper—it's my first chance to-day.

MARIE. [With the tone of a martyr] Go on, dear, don't let me interrupt. I want you to enjoy yourself.

BOB. [Looking up in surprise] What's the matter, Marie? Has anything gone wrong to-day? [She does not answer.] What has happened to-day?

MARIE. I'd rather not tell.

BOB. Why not?

MARIE. Oh, I don't want to trouble you with my little affairs. I'm afraid it might bore you.

BOB. [Pleasantly] Nonsense! Fire ahead. It never bores me, dear.

MARIE. It might interfere with your reading.

BOB. Not at all! Not at all!

MARIE. [Bursting out] Because you don't listen, that's the reason!

BOB. Now, now, don't talk that way!

MARIE. I know what I'm talking about. This isn't the first time either. I work all the day to make things nice for you and wait for you to come home, and you don't even notice.

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BOB. Why, sure, I notice. [*He looks about the room.*] What do you want me to notice! [*With a little smile.*] When everything's always in its place, and always has the same place—why, don't you see —

MARIE. [*Interrupting—she has stepped behind his chair*] What dress am I wearing?

BOB. Why — [*He starts to turn around—she holds his head in front of him.*]

MARIE. See! You can't tell! And it's a new one you've never seen at all, in fact, and never would if I didn't compel you to look at it.

BOB. [*With his head still in a vise between her hands*] You always look nice to me.

MARIE. I suppose you'd like me just as well in soiled clothes and stringy hair in a mussed room, now wouldn't you?

BOB. [*Trying to joke*] I told you once that I'd love you anywhere in anything or nothing—and I meant it.

MARIE. [*Releasing him and walking to the side of the room*] You think it's a joke, but it isn't. Pretty things are my very life. Every day I count the hours until you'll get home to enjoy them with me—and every night you disappoint me! You'd think I'd learn what to expect, but I don't.

BOB. [*Looking at her dress*] I'm sorry, dear. It's a pretty dress, very becoming, and I appreciate it.

MARIE. You don't appreciate anything.

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BOB. [Drops his other paper on the floor on the other side of his chair so that there are papers on both sides, takes off his glasses and lays them on the table as he gets up] Now tell me what is the matter.

MARIE. You tell me this. Is this *your* home or *my* home or is it *our* home?

BOB. Why, it's our little home, of course.

MARIE. Then why don't you take some interest in it?

BOB. Why, I do—I —

MARIE. No, you don't! You consider it just a camping place between office hours where you can sprawl about and —

BOB. [Becoming irritated] Just because I pick up the paper to find out what's going on in the world —

MARIE. [Waxing warmer] You are more interested in what goes on in the world than you are in what happens in your own home!

BOB. All right, then, I am. I care more about the supreme court decision on this important case than I do about that new sofa cushion you're making or what size bow you finally decided to put on that bag you were worrying over last night —

MARIE. [Shocked] Good Heavens! That wasn't a bag! That was a boudoir cap! I showed you —

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BOB. I'll tell you what is the matter with you, my dear—you are too fussy—you spend too much time on little things —

MARIE. Little things take all my time.

BOB. And they always will until you get something big to occupy you.

MARIE. To make a beautiful home—don't you call that something big? Most people say it's woman's grandest work, and yet it's an appalling collecting of *little* things. You should be thankful you have a wife who loves her home instead of gadding about all the time.

BOB. I am, but —

MARIE. [Producing her pretty handkerchief] I try so hard to make this a beautiful, attractive place for you.

BOB. [Cruelly] Look here, now. You don't dust and scrub everlasting for my sake. You've got yourself fooled on that. You do it because you have become obsessed with the mania for cleaning. I never have a week-end that I don't have to help you take curtains up or down or pull up rugs or something, and nine-tenths of it is all foolishness. Why, my mother had a big house and eight children and —

MARIE. [Horrified] You don't expect me to keep house as your mother did! It's always been such a joy to me that I was giving you a different home! I've tried to make it up to you — [She sobs.]

BOB. [Contritely] Please, Marie, don't. I'm sorry

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I said all that. [*He picks at rose on table, scattering petals on the table and the floor.*] I know I'm pretty frank, but I love you and would do anything for you. All I wish is that I had a little den where I could kind of sprawl out and have my own way without getting on your nerves. That's my idea of home life.

MARIE. [*Looking up from her tears*] And would you like to shut yourself in there every evening after being away all day?

BOB. [*Stumbling along*] Well, of course, I'd want you to sit in there with me.

MARIE. [*With great emphasis*] Then you'd have to keep it in order! [*Returning to her handkerchief.*] You don't want me, you want a den—like —like bachelors have —

BOB. [*Suddenly looking at his watch*] Bachelors! By Jove! that reminds me. Please don't, Marie — [*He goes to her; she moves away.*] Listen, dear, I forgot to mention it—I had a word from Ed Nugent, secretary of our lodge and he said that he or one of the fellows would be out this evening to talk over a little matter of business.

MARIE. [*Looking up with sudden interest*] Coming here? This evening?

BOB. Yes, he said he'd be along at about eight-thirty. It's nearly that, now.

MARIE. [*Is all action immediately. She dries her eyes, hurries to the closet, gets the broom and hands it to him*] Here, just brush this over the carpet where you twisted your chair. I'll pick up your

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papers for you and straighten the rest of the room. [*They both hurriedly set to work.*] Here are your glasses on the table. [*She holds up the glasses to him, and he takes them. She picks up the rose petals.*] Now go to the closet and get your smoking set and put it beside your chair here. [*Indicating the rose chair.*]

BOB. [Feebly] But that isn't—he doesn't —
[*He thinks better of it, and does as she directs.*]

MARIE. And then light the fire—after you've picked up that paper wrapper.

BOB. But it isn't cold —

MARIE. But it looks cozier. Don't you want to show your bachelor friends what an attractive home you have? [*As he fusses about the fireplace, she goes into the closet and brings out a blue and rose smoking jacket and rose-colored slippers. MARIE pleasantly.*] Now you'll have just time to get into these and —

BOB. [*Pausing in utter disgust*] Marie, you know better than to bring those out!

MARIE. .[*Holding up the jacket, appealingly*] Please put them on! Oh, please don't be so stubborn—you don't know how attractive you look wearing these and sitting in the rose chair under the rose shade —

BOB. [*His disgust growing*] So I'm to be a study in old-rose —

MARIE. Don't be foolish!

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BOB. [His patience entirely gone] Oh, Marie! Of all fool nonsense, this is the worst. I simply will not wear that robe again. When you gave it to me I had to, once or twice to keep from hurting you but never again. I'm not that kind of a fellow. I'm no movie star! I feel like a fool.

MARIE. [Making an issue of it] Robert Dean! If you won't do a little thing like that for me when I try to make you attractive —

BOB. [Laughing] Make me attractive! Why, you remind me of the way my sister fusses over her little girl. [Seriously.] That's the trouble, Marie, you're full of fussy, mother instincts and you try to take it out in pestering me. If you don't have a child to vent it on—well, we'll both land in the insane asylum, mark my word!

MARIE. [Desperate] Are you going to put on this smoking jacket?

BOB. [Equally desperate] Not while I'm in my right mind. I put it on that evening when your mother came. She's never looked at me since.

MARIE. Don't blame the jacket.

BOB. I do blame the jacket and—and the slippers —you know what she said —

MARIE. She just said she thought you didn't look very strong —

BOB. What red-blooded man would look strong and manly in a combination of pink and blue?

MARIE. Are you going to put on this jacket?

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BOB. Never.

MARIE. [Trying new tactics] For my sake? Think of all the little stitches I put in there for love of you, dear, made it just as pretty as if it were for myself. Put it on!

BOB. Never! I have too much self-respect.

MARIE. Robert, this is the show-down. If you won't do this little thing for me then I won't be responsible for what I'll do.

[He ignores this and starts to build a fire. He finds he has no match and goes out for one. While he is gone, she throws the robe and the slippers on a chair, quickly goes to the window-box, takes pile of papers out and scatters them about the room, twists the curtains in knots, sets several pictures a-tilt. He returns to the room with matches and goes to the fireplace to light fire. It does not burn well so he stays on his knees before it while she continues quietly to upset things as best she can. She pulls the remainder of the rose to pieces and scatters the petals, puts the books on the floor, puts the table cover crooked and then goes quickly to the door, down left. There she stops, gazes at the room and sobbing, goes out.]

BOB. [Not realizing that she has gone out] Marie, I know I must appear an ungrateful brute, but you're asking too much. While I have a spark of manhood left, I can't put that on, but I'll tell you what I'll do — [He looks around and discovering she is not in room, he calls.] Marie, Marie! [Hearing her sobbing, he picks up the hated jacket.] Little stitches! [He listens to her sobs.]

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Marie! Oh, I'm a brute. [*He squares his shoulders, takes off his coat and shoes and putting his coat over the end of the table and leaving his shoes beside the chair he settles himself in the hated garments as the bell rings. He goes to the door to admit ED NUGGETT, a classy young chap.*] Hello, Ed! Did Wiggins send you?

ED. Sure did. I'm flying around this end of town to-night. Couldn't get some of you fellows in your office. Put your John Henry right there, old boy, and I'll be on my way rejoicing. [*He holds out a petition which he has unrolled.*]

BOB. What is it? Here, sit down. [*He offers him the rose chair but ED takes the mahogany one.*]

ED. No, this is all right. I can't stop. [*Glancing about the room.*] Wife gone to the country, eh?

BOB. No, she's resting—has sort of a headache.

ED. I've heard of her—swell little dame, so Joe Easton says. You know he and old Smithson were out here a month or so ago. He said you had just about the coziest, neatest little home he's seen anywhere and one classy little wife. [*Looks about room.*] Sure she hasn't gone to the country?

BOB. Why, no—I told you —

ED. [*Interrupting*] That's right, so you did. Well, I dropped in unexpectedly. [*Returning to his paper.*] Here, think of us poor fellows down at the club who don't have any little wife to tie us up in pretty colors and put your John Henry right there! [*He points to the paper.*]

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BOB. [Looking shamefacedly at jacket] I know I look like hell in this, but what am I going to do—she insists —

ED. Like hell! Looks more like an ascension outfit—got any pink wings? Never mind. I'm green with envy. That's what's got me. [Holding out the petition.] Here, step lively. I must go.

BOB. [Pushing back things from the table as he looks at petition] What is this?

ED. To be brief, we have to get a show-down from the fellows at once so we can commence work remodeling the club house. Naturally we fellows who live there are strong for it: we want it attractive and home-like.

BOB. [Whimsically] It won't be home-like without a woman to attend to every little detail.

ED. [Seriously] No, of course not, but it will be the next thing to it—you're in favor of course, so hurry, please —

BOB. [With peculiar smile] If I thought this could give you a "touch of home" I'd do it more willingly — [He signs.]

ED. There, that's the cherub! [Rising and again noticing the disorder of the room, although unobserved by BOB.] You know, after all, there's good business in you married guys helping to keep up the club house—never know when things may get twisted at home.

BOB. What do you —

ED. We're housing a couple of ex-husbands now—

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trying to keep things sufficiently stirred up and "home-like." [With significant smile.] So they won't get lonesome.

BOB. [Dubiously] Say, look here —

ED. [Talking breezily on] Well, good luck. Remember you've a refuge in the time of storm. So long. My best to the wife.

BOB. [Opening the door] Come when you can meet her. Don't you think for one minute —

ED. [Knowingly] I won't! So long. [He goes out.]

BOB. [Closing the door] Refuge! It can't be that he thinks—it's this jacket — [He returns to the rose chair. Then bethinks himself and changes to the mahogany. He sits dolefully looking at the jacket when MARIE appears in the doorway. She sees him with the jacket on, is overjoyed that she has won out and rushes to him.]

MARIE. [Putting her arm about him] You put it on! You old dear. [She sits on arm of chair and glances shamefacedly about the room.] Now that you've put it on, I'm so sorry and ashamed, dear, for what I did.

BOB. [Thinking she refers to the jacket, he glances at it, fingering it] I've endured it for your sake—but I'm afraid I've queered myself.

MARIE. [Distressed as she looks about] And me, too. He couldn't help noticing—nobody could —

BOB. It's decent of you to admit it. [Still looking

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

at the jacket and the slippers.] I explained it was your doings.

MARIE. [Shuddering] What must he think of me! Oh, why did I do it! Why did I! [Earnestly.] It was to try you out, dear, I was desperate. You really, truly don't like it, do you?

BOB. [Kicks off the slippers] Like it? How can you ask?

MARIE. It really upsets you, doesn't it? [She is very eager for his reply, for the appearance of the room greatly distresses her.]

BOB. You know it does.

MARIE. [Giving him a kiss] Oh, I'm so happy! I did it to test you. I thought if you like it, I'd be heart-broken. For I love you so much and I simply cannot stand it, don't you see?

BOB. [Kissing her] Then it's all right, dear—and we agree, after all. I'm glad you see how it looks for you'll never act that way again.

MARIE. I told you I can't stand it. I just did it because I thought you were stubborn.

BOB. [Delighted] Then suppose we take it off. [He rises and slips out of jacket as he speaks.] And light the fire with it! [He starts to toss the jacket in the fireplace. With a scream MARIE rescues it.]

MARIE. [Horrified] What! Put that lovely jacket in the fire!

BOB. [Mystified by her actions] Why, you just said —

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

MARIE. What?

BOB. You just said — [Pointing to the jacket.]

MARIE. Oh, I see—you thought — [Greatly distressed as she realizes the truth.] Oh, Bob, how could you! Why, I mean the room!

BOB. What about the room?

MARIE. [In despair] The way—the way I mussed it all up. [As she observes his surprise.] I mussed it all up! Don't you see? This and this! And this! Oh, don't you see! [She sobs.]

BOB. Oh, did you! [Then tenderly, as he tries to comfort her.] Oh, that's all right, dear! I hadn't noticed.

[Quick curtain as MARIE draws away from him in hopeless horror.]

CURTAIN

KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Cæsar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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TWEEDLES

Comedy in 2 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian uncovers a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

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MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

Comedy in 3 acts. By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Haweorne. 6 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

The characters, scenes and situations are thoroughly up-to date in this altogether delightful American comedy. The heroine is a woman of tremendous energy, who manages a business—and she manages everything—with great success, and at home presides over the destinies of a growing son and daughter. Her struggle to give the children the opportunities she herself had missed, and the children's ultimate revolt against her well-meaning management—that is the basis of the plot. The son who is cast for the part of artist and the daughter who is to go on the stage after numerous opportunities for the development of the comic possibilities in the theme.

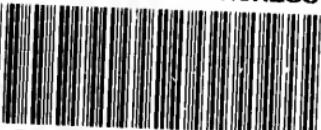
The play is one of the most delightful, yet thought-provoking American comedies of recent years, and is warmly recommended to all amateur groups. (Royalty on application.) Price, 75 Cents

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Melodrama in 3 acts. By Eleanor Robson and Harriet Ford. 8 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

"Philip Vantine has bought a rare copy of an original Bonaparte Cabinet and ordered it shipped to his New York home from Paris. When it arrives it is found to be the original itself, the possession of which is desired by many strange people. Before the mystery concerned with the cabinet's shipment can be cleared up, two persons meet mysterious death fooling with it and the happiness of many otherwise happy actors is threatened" (Burke Mantle). A first-rate mystery play, comprising all the elements of suspense, curiosity, comedy and drama. "In the Next Room" is quite easy to stage. It can be unreservedly recommended to high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars) Price 75 Cents

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DADDY LONG-LEGS

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A charming comedy in 4 acts. E₁
 full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but
 the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters,
 may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans.
 The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played
 by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes.
 Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York Times reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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